Enter the Duke of *Yorke* with Drum and ſouldiers.

Yorke. In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,
To entertaine faire Englands royall King.
Ah *Sancta Maiesta*, who would not buy thee deare?

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham.*

But ſoft, who comes here *Buckingham*, what newes with him?

Buc. Yorke, if thou meane well, I greete thee ſo.

Yorke. Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I ſvveare:
What comes thou in loue or as a Meſſenger?

Buc. I come as a Meſſenger from our dread Lord and ſoueraign,
Henry. To knovv the reaſon of theſe Armes in peace?
Or that thou being a ſubiect as I am,
Shouldſt thus approach ſo neare vvith colours ſpred,
Whereas the perſon of the King doth keepe?

Yorke. A ſubiect as he is.
Oh hovv I hate theſe ſpitefull abiect termes,
But Yorke diſſemble, till thou meete thy ſonnes,
Who novv in Armes expect their fathers ſight,
And not farre hence I knovv they cannot be.
Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,
That I anſvvearde not at firſt, my mind vvas troubled,
I came to remoue that monſtrous Rebell Cade,
And heaue proud *Somerſet* from out the Court,
That baſely yeelded vp the Tovvnes in France.

Buc. Why that vvas preſumption on thy behalfe,
But if it be no othervviſe but ſo,
The King doth pardon thee, and granſt to thy requeſt,
And *Somerſet* is ſent vnto the Tovver.

Yorke. Vpon thine honour is it ſo?

Buc. Yorke, he is vpon mine honour.

Yorke. Then before thy face, I here diſmiſſe my troopes,
Sirs, meete me to morrovv in ſaint Georges fields,
And there you ſhall receiue your paie of me.

Exet ſouldiers.

Buc. Come York, thou ſhalt go ſpeake vnto the King,
But ſee, his grace is comming to meete vvith vs.

Enter

Enter King *Henry.*

King. How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with vs,
That thus thou bringſt him hand in hand with thee?

Buc. He is my Lord, and hath diſchargde his troopes
Which came with him, but as your grace did ſay,
To heaue the Duke of *Somerſet* from hence,
And to ſubdue the Rebels that vvere vp.

King. Then vvelcome couſin Yorke, giue me thy hand,
And thankes for thy great ſeruice done to vs,
Againſt thoſe traitorous Iriſh that rebeld.

Enter maiſter *Eyden* vvith *Iacke Cades* head.

Eyden. Long liue Henry in triumphant peace,
Lo here my Lord vpon my bended knees,
I here preſent the traitorous head of Cade,
That hand to hand in ſingle fight I ſlue.

King. Firſt thanks to heauen, & next to thee my friend,
That haſt ſubdude that vvicked traitor thus.
Oh let me ſee that head that in his life,
Did vvorke me and my land ſuch cruell ſpight,
A viſage ſterne, cole blacke his curled locks,
Deepe trenched furrovves in his frovvning brovv,
Preſageth vvarlike humors in his life.
Here take it hence and thou for thy revvard,
Shalt be immediatly created Knight.
Kneele dovvne my friend, and tell me vvhats thy name?

Eyden. Alexander Eyden, if it pleaſe your grace,
A poore Eſquire of *Kent.*

King. Then riſe vp ſir Alexander Eyden knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
A thouſand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,
Beſide the firme revvard that vvas proclaimde,
For thoſe that could performe this vvorthie act,
And thou ſhalt vvaight vpon the perſon of the king.

Eyden. I humbly thank your grace, and I no longer liue,
Then I proue iuſt and loyall to my king. (*Exet.*

Enter the Queene vvith the Duke of *Somerſet.*

King. O Buckingham ſee vvhere *Somerſet* comes,
Bid him go hide himſelfe till Yorke be gone.

Queene.